3 June

Useless to write one's journal every day, every year; what is important is that at a certain period of life it should be very compact and scrupulously kept. If I stopped writing it for a long time it was because my emotions were becoming too complicated; it would have taken me too long to write them down. The necessary simplification made them less sincere; it was already a literary restatement, something that a journal must not be.

My emotions opened up like a religion. Impossible to express better what I mean, although later on this may seem to me incomprehensible.
This is the tendency toward pantheism. I don't know whether or not that will be my final destination; I think rather that it is a passing phase.

3 June

I am becoming so accustomed to the Laurens family that I am almost frightened, so indispensable do I feel them becoming to me. For me they are a family of the elect, and with them I live in a dream world of delights.

. . . I wanted this year to strain powerfully toward joy and to give myself up to life, which I had persuaded myself was good.

My constant question (and it has become an unhealthy obsession): Could anyone love me?

Just now at last a storm after three months of drought. I came in to watch the rain fall, as an odd sight. I no longer enjoy describing what I see; that spoils it for me. I prefer simply to observe things, knowing that nothing is ever lost and that every impression can be found again at the moment when one needs it. I should like to enjoy things even more fully.

I want in a short period of time to come to know very different forms of life and, in each one, to encounter that unrest excited by a longing for the preceding form. I know that in a short time I shall hurl myself into austere tasks and work at all hours of the day. Just now, in spite of all my desire for study, I am not yet allowing myself to work. All day long I read, I go for walks, I seek pleasure; at night* I go out again; I am thirsty and I quench my thirst, and all this is very new to me. At night I sleep almost out of doors, so wide open is my window'; the moon comes in to awaken me and I am not annoyed. It is so hot that one could easily sleep naked under the moonlight. Upon waking in the morning, one sees an invariable magnificence, and branches under the blue sky. Every day I go out to eat a sherbet, as others would go to a lecture course;